# MICKEY

WORDS BY
**Harry Williams**
MUSIC BY
**Neil Moret**

Adapted from
MACK SENNETT'S
$500.000
PHOTOPLAY
"MICKEY"
And Respectfully
Dedicated to
MABEL
NORMAND

BARBELLE

# Mickey

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
NEIL MORET

Moderato

PIANO

*f*

*mp*

Oh! what a shame they gave you the name of Mick-ey, Where is the rose that grows in re-pose like
You had a friend that used to de-fend and love you, He was a dog, a mutt of a dog, it's

*mp*

you? Luck-y the birds and the bees you'd meet, Luck-y the moss and the vi-o-let sweet,
true; He used to fol-low you ev-'ry where, Look in your eyes with a lov-a-ble stare,

When they were trod by your bare lit-tle feet, There in the morn-ing dew.
He was a luck-y old dog to be there, And he be-lieved it too.

*slower* *a poco rit.*

How can you blame me when I pine, Dear-ie, to change your name to mine?
This is a prom-ise true from me, "I'll be as faith-ful to you, as he"

*legato* *a poco rit.*

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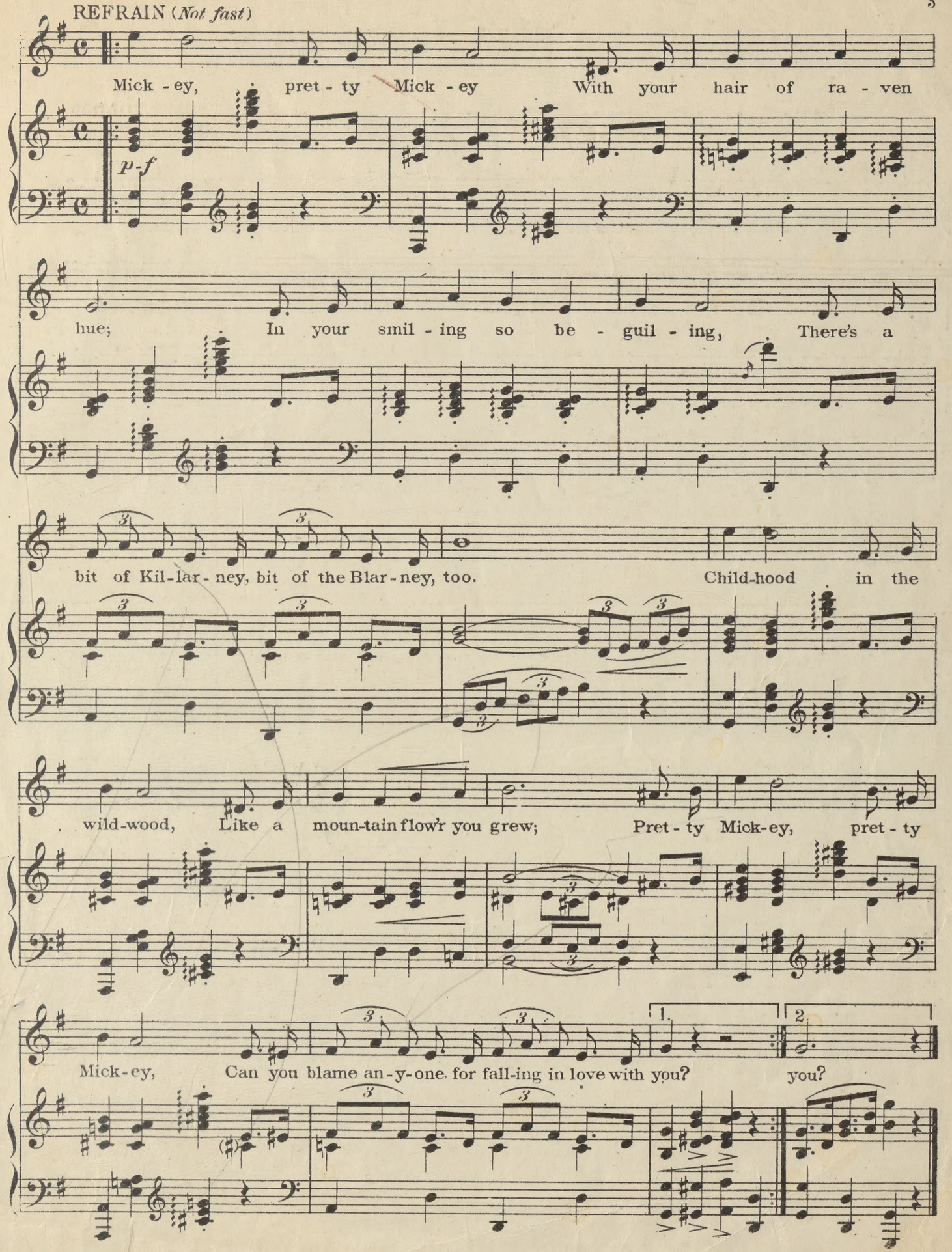
REFRAIN (*Not fast*)
Mick - ey, pret - ty Mick - ey With your hair of ra - ven
*p-f*
hue; In your smil - ing so be - guil - ing, There's a
bit of Kil-lar - ney, bit of the Blar - ney, too. Child-hood in the
wild-wood, Like a moun-tain flow'r you grew; Pret - ty Mick-ey, pret - ty
Mick-ey, Can you blame an - y - one for fall-ing in love with you?
1.
2.
you?

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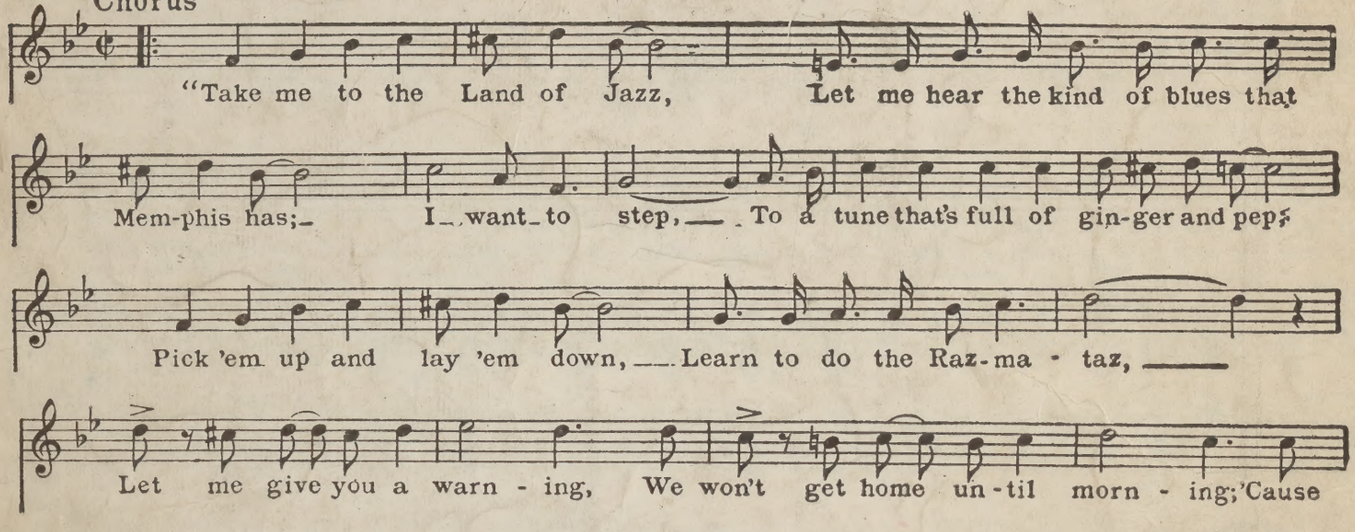
# Take Me To The Land Of Jazz

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE &
BERT KALMAR

Music by
PETE WENDLING

Chorus


"Take me to the Land of Jazz, Let me hear the kind of blues that
Mem-phis has; I want to step, To a tune that's full of gin-ger and pep;
Pick 'em up and lay 'em down, Learn to do the Raz-ma-taz,
Let me give you a warn-ing, We won't get home un-til morn-ing; 'Cause

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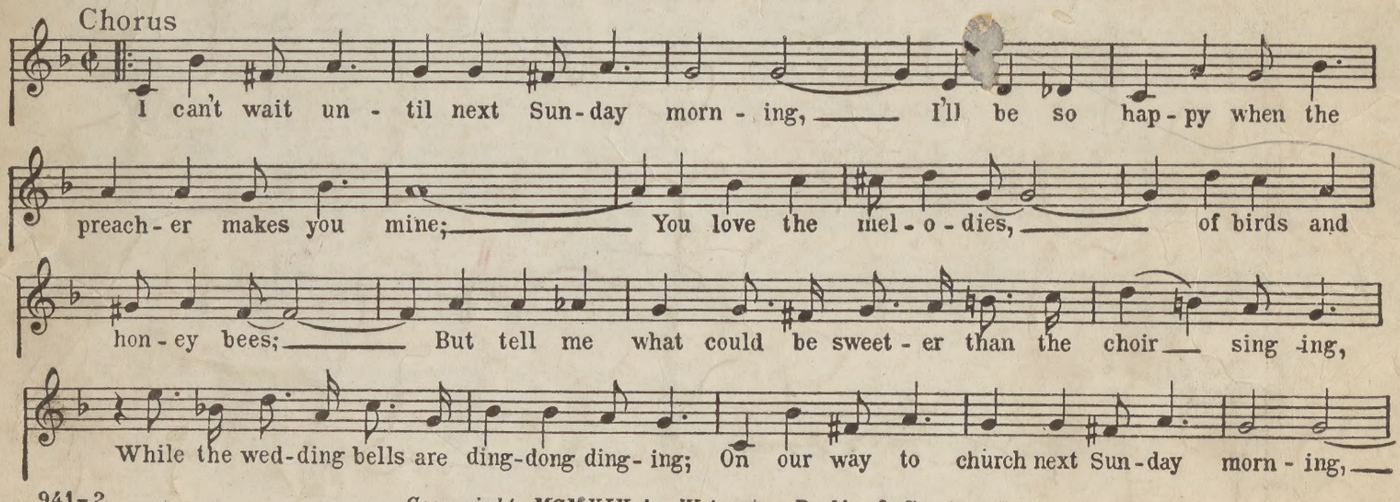
# I'll Be Happy When The Preacher Makes You Mine

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS
and JOE YOUNG

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Chorus


I can't wait un-til next Sun-day morn-ing, I'll be so hap-py when the
preach-er makes you mine; You love the mel-o-dies, of birds and
hon-ey bees; But tell me what could be sweet-er than the choir sing-ing,
While the wed-ding bells are ding-dong ding-ing; On our way to church next Sun-day morn-ing,

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